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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Keep your eye on the Somme" is as good a rule just now, for those who want to follow the great game of war, as is "Keep your eye on the ball" in the little game of golf. The weather—a "wilderness of mud" the Commander-in-Chief calls the chalky upland between Ancre and Somme—can put the great players off their true game not a whit less in war than in golf, and it has continued all against us during the week. Yet, even so, the Allies have made one or two nice shots. The German success at La Maisonette Farm has been countered by the French, with the British, between Les Bœufs and St. Pierre Vaast Wood. We are convinced that Transloy is only a matter of a little more patience and some decent weather. The British front creeps on, too, towards the big bunker named the Butte de Warlencourt. Beyond lies Bapaume. Let us keep our eye upon the Somme.

The Commander-in-Chief has utilised the interval of leisure caused by bad weather to send home a short survey of the work done from the beginning of the second week in October. He mentions that the Germans made, between 30 September and 20 October, no less than eleven counter-attacks—every one a failure and some of them costly failures—on the Schwaben Redoubt, the pivotal position we wrenched from them. On 21 October the Germans made a twelfth counter-attack on the Redoubt. It brought success to the British; for it enabled us to seize and keep the whole length of the Regina Trench. It was an "economical" operation, too, for us, as the Commander-in-Chief drily remarks—many prisoners, few casualties.

Finally, let us keep our eye on the prisoners: 31,132 German prisoners was our total Somme bag at the time of this survey dated 1 November. This, of course, is irrespective of the French bag. Verdun well lost, thirty thousand prisoners already for the British alone, twelve counter-attacks, all failures, on

a single redoubt—the Germans are not doing quite so nicely on the Somme as their best friends might desire.

Changes have taken place this week in the position of Roumania, but it is very difficult to estimate their correct value. Both sides appear to have been reinforced in the Dobrudja, and on Monday Berlin announced, curtly, that pursuing detachments in Northern Dobrudja were in touch with Russian infantry and cavalry. All news since then has described the Dobrudja front as quiet. General Sakharoff has been withdrawn from Galicia to take command against Mackensen. Meantime, despite a great many hindrances from mist and rain and snow, fierce combats have continued to rage in the Aluta Valley, in the neighbourhood of the Törzburg Pass, and in that of the Predeal Pass or Prahova Valley; while farther west, along the Jiul Valley, our Allies have defeated a Bavarian force and pursued it for a considerable distance. Since 10 October, according to Berlin, Falkenhayn's army has taken only 10,000 prisoners, and fully a half of these have been balanced by the prisoners whom Roumania has captured in the same period from the Austro-Germans. So the fighting must have been very stubborn, and somewhat less uneven than Roumania's friends have believed in their anxiety.

The welcome success in the Jiul Valley came at the right moment, for the foe had advanced nearly twenty miles into the country. Along the Aluta Valley, which belongs to the region of the Roter Turm Pass, an important battle fluctuates. At first the invasion made dangerous headway, passing a good way beyond the frontier; but our Allies rallied and thrust it back about six miles. Then the Austro-Germans collected enough reinforcements to begin a new advance. Recently, according to the Petrograd report of 1 November, they occupied the villages of Rakovita and Titești, about eleven miles south of the frontier, causing the Roumanians to retire to new positions on the heights

south of the lost villages. As for the Predeal Valley, a gain is claimed by Berlin for the Austro-Hungarians, who are said to have penetrated the Roumanian defence. No locality is mentioned, but the fighting in this region is within the frontier.

The position as a whole shows that the Roumanians, who have fought incessantly and almost without rest, encounter with noble courage the menace that presses upon them through the Predeal and Törzburg Passes. Neither the season nor the weather favours the relief that Russia brings forward as rapidly as possible. Italy has joined in the general campaign of relief, and her new great thrust on the Carso has given the Central Powers a rude shock. The loss by capture of nearly five thousand men in a day's fight, with the heights east of Gorizia, and a bigish stretch of the Carso plateau between the River Vipacco and the road from Oppacchiasella—such is the new defeat which the enemy has received from General Cadorna. On the other hand, Berlin claims to have hit the Russians hard in Galicia, and Petrograd admits the loss of some trenches between Brzezany and the Dniester. No doubt the revival of activity in Galicia and in Volhynia comes from a desire on both sides to prevent the transference of troops to the Roumanian frontiers. Very severe fighting has taken place in the country between Halicz, on the Dniester, and Brzezany, and in the last days of October the German line was carried forward to the east bank of the Naraïowka, at a point midway between Brzezany and Halicz.

The man who "bites no longer" is regarded by Nietzsche as despicable. Some people thought that this, after the Battle of Jutland, was going to be the attitude of the German fleet. At the end of last week, however, an attack on our communications with France was briefly announced, and a revised account of what happened was given by Mr. Balfour in the House on Tuesday last.

Ten destroyers attempted the raid, which resulted in the sinking of one empty transport, the whole of her crew being saved. We also lost six drift-net boats and the torpedo-boat destroyer "Flirt", while the "Nubian", a destroyer of the same class, was disabled by a torpedo, and grounded in bad weather, but is likely to be saved. Two enemy destroyers were at first announced to have been sunk by our fire, but Mr. Balfour corrected this statement on Tuesday, when he declared that he had "ground for thinking" that two destroyers "struck mines and probably sank".

The boldness of the Germans in getting within striking distance of our communications has caused some surprise. But we should not forget the splendid record of our transport service in which, it was stated last July, not a single life had been lost, though numerous attempts have been made to interfere with it.

Increased frightfulness seems to be the present policy of the German submarines. The sinking and burning of Norwegian vessels, on the ground that Norway has forbidden submarine warships to enter her territorial waters, have led to negotiations between Norway and Germany. The Donaldson liner "Marina" was torpedoed and sunk without warning off Ireland, on Saturday last. There were several Americans on board, and the latest list of casualties states that two of them are missing. As the "Marina" was unarmed, was not chartered by the British Government, and made no attempt to escape, the incident has demanded the attention of President Wilson at the height of the campaign which is to decide if he will retain his position.

There are not many nobler episodes in a war that is marvellously full of nobility than that of Colonel Elkington, the soldier who "made good". The King has now personally conferred on him the D.S.O. The

honour is enhanced in value through the inclusion of the name of this gallant soldier.

Mr. Lambert—with, we dare say, Mr. Outhwaite, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Pringle, and others of their persuasion—is angry because Lord Robert Cecil stated on Tuesday that the Government must accept all responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs. Agonised groans are being emitted by those followers of Messrs. Lambert, Outhwaite, Trevelyan, Pringle and others, who hold that they ought to share the responsibility for foreign affairs with the Government. But Lord Robert Cecil stated in simple words what was right and proper in every conceivable respect. All reasoning people must be pleased with the firm and candid manner in which Lord Robert Cecil has taken charge lately of these tiring and undesired questioners. Will not the daily Press and the agencies that supply club tapes, etc., agree not to report these questions? The clubs do not need them, nor do the public.

On Tuesday the House ended its sitting with a discussion of the position in Greece. In answer to Mr. McNeill, Lord Robert Cecil declared that we did not go to Greece on the invitation of M. Venizelos, but on that of the Greek Government. There was no disagreement between us and the French concerning the policy we were pursuing. In any part of the Greek community which was in fact under the government of M. Venizelos, or his provisional government, where he was recognised by the majority of the population, we recognised him as *de facto* ruler. More than that Lord Robert did not think it right to say, and he thought that to ask the Government to take the House and the country fully into their confidence was really not consistent with the public interest.

To deny skill and enterprise to the German airmen would be to depreciate the exploits of our own men. The Germans lost an intrepid and highly successful flyer last Saturday in Captain Boelcke. He and Immelmann both received the order *Pour le Mérite* last January, and easily distanced their German competitors, and since the death of the latter in a fight with Lieut. McCubbin, the number of machines brought down by Boelcke had given him a position of eminent distinction. His rise was rapid, for he did not begin flying before the spring of 1914.

Next Tuesday the electors of the United States will choose between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes, whose policies are so much alike in substance that the varying pattern of their embroidery receives no more attention than is given to the "decoration" on wall-papers. Not even the free eloquence of Mr. Roosevelt has discovered a battle-cry which the sleek contentment of a wonderfully prosperous nation has been willing to quarrel over. Mr. Wilson declares that he might quarrel "for something which would put all the corpuscles in his blood into fighting shape"; while Mr. Roosevelt is eager to know "exactly what outrage on American citizens or on the rights of humanity anywhere would make the President cross the line between being willing and too proud to fight". He is certain that Mr. Wilson has "sapped most of the fibre of the nation by making public promises which he has never meant to fulfil, and by consistently ignoring his platform pledge to protect Americans abroad". These political domesticities do not concern distant onlookers, and they have failed to entice Mr. Hughes into an attack on the President's enchanted watchwords—Peace and Prosperity. Indeed, Mr. Hughes has gravitated nearer and nearer to his rival's creed, because the vast majority of the electors are rich in their present lot and wish to let well alone.

Consider the environment of their prosperity. The total wealth of the United States has risen to more than £45,000,000,000, while that of the whole British

Empire before the war was less by about £19,000,000,000. In the last four years, according to Mr. James Davenport Whelpley, the population of America has increased about 7 per cent., the national wealth 22 per cent., bank clearings 35 per cent., bank deposits 34 per cent., money in circulation 22 per cent., railway revenue 38 per cent., agricultural output 12 per cent., and manufactured products over 40 per cent. As for the profit earned entirely out of the war situation, the export balance for two years in excess of that in normal times has been £426,000,000, or a maximum per capita gain of about £4. The net gain, after making ample deductions for increased cost of production and for delivery, is estimated at about £1 per capita, or about an eightieth part of the total gain made by the whole nation in thriving wealth. Human nature loves to take its ease in a flooding Pactolus, so the attitude of the electors towards the Presidential election is one of luxurious apathy.

A short time ago it was thought in many circles that President Wilson might attempt in an imperative manner, with the approval of other neutrals, to stop the war by a truce; but nothing more was heard of this idea after Mr. Lloyd George, at the end of September, talked with unconventional vigour to Mr. Roy Howard, the head of the United Press of America. Since then the war and its issues have surged around the political campaign like waves around an island, and no one in the United States assumes that the tragedy of the "Marina" will change the situation materially. One thing is beyond question: that no important body of electors in the United States wants to pass from prosperity into foreign complications of a perilous sort. If Germany by her acts provokes war the crisis will be received in America as a dire tragedy, not as a crusade.

A man who fought at the battles of the Marne, Ypres, and elsewhere, and had been slightly gassed, appeared before one of the tribunals on Tuesday. He had been discharged from the Army as a time-expired man. Now he is given two months' exemption. That is to say in January he may be called up again and sent to France or Salonica, or elsewhere; whilst hundreds of thousands of men far younger than himself, and as healthy as himself, are withdrawn from the elementary duty (and the honour) of defending their country and homes. This arrangement is not a good arrangement. It is bad for the time-expired man who fought at the Marne and Ypres, bad for the hundreds of thousands of lusty young men who are withdrawn from military service, bad for the country.

But if we follow the tribunal reports from day to day we find many cases of this kind. These anomalies, hardships, absurdities, are, of course, not the fault of the Army, though its enemies love to saddle the Army with every offence they can ingeniously discover in the recruiting business. Nor can we justly blame the tribunals, by any means, in every case of injustice and absurdity. No: the plain truth is the country is suffering, and must, for some time to come at least, suffer because suddenly it was plunged, through dire and absolute necessity, into a system for which no preparations worth the name had been made. All we can now do is to work and wait in patience. Ultimately the country will emerge from its deplorable recruiting chaos—there is not the least reason or excuse for despairing about that. Some time, probably in 1917, the confusion will be removed. We must all keep a brave heart going.

One piece of real comfort there undoubtedly is—the man-power of the country is very far indeed from being exhausted. It has great potential supplies as yet untouched—seams of excellent quality, physically, in the mine of national life; and these will come in to great effect, we hope, presently, when the enemy is really beginning to feel the lack of man-power. This is the

chief consolation of the position. There is no chance of crushing Germany till we draw on this resource—but it is not a small thing that the resource is here.

Miss Hobhouse's impertinent visit to Germany was the subject of inquiry in the House on Tuesday last. This sort of thing, which Lord Robert Cecil described as "a very rare case", must not occur again. Neither her views of Belgium nor the means by which she got there are creditable to an Englishwoman. It appears that her passport in March 1915 was issued not for Switzerland, but for Italy, and on representations that Italy was necessary for her health. Further, the passport issued to her at Berne was for a direct return to this country only, and was given for that specific purpose. Lord Robert Cecil imagines that Miss Hobhouse will not be allowed again to leave the country. Indeed, it does not want such missionaries.

Mr. Marshall's interesting parallel of last week, derived from the infamies of the Melian Dialogue, shows up the German position. But the point which the ordinary English thinker does not realise is that the German is aware of these parallels and glories in them. He has been taught to glory in them, and has got beyond the common civilised conceptions of good and evil. If the philosophy of Nietzsche were generally known, this would be easier to understand.

Here, for instance, is a quotation from the third essay, chapter nine, of Nietzsche's "Genealogy of Morals": "Has it yet been appreciated that a philosopher, in the event of his arriving at self-consciousness, must feel himself an incarnate 'nitemur in vetitum', and consequently guard himself against 'his own sensations', against self-consciousness? It is, I repeat, just the same with all good things, on which we pride ourselves; even judged by the standard of the ancient Greeks, our whole modern life, in so far as it is not weakness, but power and consciousness of power, appears pure 'Hybris' and goodness; for the things which are the very reverse of those which we honour to-day, have had for a long time conscience on their side, and God as their guardian. 'Hybris' is our whole attitude to nature nowadays, our violation of nature with the help of machinery, and all the unscrupulous ingenuity of our scientists and engineers. 'Hybris' is our attitude to God, that is, to some alleged teleological and ethical spider behind the meshes of the great trap of the causal web." There is the creed, or rather "non credo". We are now familiar with its results.

The Special Register Bill, after an unconvincing debate on Wednesday was shelved. The Speaker, in ruling out of order an instruction, had made a discussion as to whether soldiers should have votes as soldiers impossible. A new register without a new franchise giving the vote to all soldiers and sailors would be altogether too hollow. The truth is, as we have over and over again pointed out, electioneering in any shape or form when the country is at death grips with a tremendous enemy is quite impossible.

Once more up has popped the "war to end war" theory. This time it has been taken in charge by Mr. Aneurin Williams, M.P., and Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P. They are starting, it seems, a regular League of Nations without delay to carry their theory into practice. "We have entered into this war in order to make an end of war, and it is our firm resolve to achieve this result", Sir. Oddly enough, they are apparently taking the United States into their League, President Wilson and Mr. Taft, and others! Whenever these amiable, universe-arranging plans are started by enterprising people at home, one cannot help thinking of the dry, shrewd answer a great Englishman and soldier made to the idealist—but in that case powerful idealist—who asked Great Britain to go into a Holy Alliance. He replied that Great Britain would prefer something more concrete.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE POSITION IN THE WEST.

BY now the general position as regards the Western front should be fairly clear to the British public; but it is necessary, during a short breathing space like the present—when nothing much can be done on the Somme owing to disastrous rains and mud—to re-impress the facts on people. It is necessary because, for one thing, there unfortunately are at times prophets abroad—or, rather, we may say there are prophets at home—who would rashly, or artfully, convey the idea that the British Army has been a failure there, that there are no generals to speak of, that we have lost or flung away a frightful number of men, and so on. Those are ideas that help premature peace-makers.

What are the facts? A few of them may be set out again to advantage if the pursuit is truth, not pacifism, pro-Germanism, no-conscriptionism, or anything of that kind.

When, at the end of last June, we started on the Germans at the Somme—the first great bombardment and the first great push—the enemy had enjoyed all the best of the land war during one year and eleven months—that is to say, from 4 August 1914 to 1 July 1916. The chronicle of the British Armies during that period was athrob, it is true, with glory. It included the deathless stories of Mons, Le Cateau, and the birth of the Ypres salient. It included Gallipoli and the holding out of Townshend and his men at Kut. But it must be admitted that the enemy had, and kept, the upper hand throughout the same period, that the initiative was with him, and that nowhere were we able—except outside Europe and on the sea—to beat him back and discourage his soldiers. He was, it is no use to deny it, upper dog, though at time the dog below—sometimes the Russian, sometimes the French, and sometimes the British bulldog—managed to break a tooth in his tough hide.

From 1 July a change came over things—a wonderfully refreshing and a blessed change. The under dog suddenly got off its back, faced the upper dog, drove at him, knocked him over in the dust—there was dust instead of mud in those days—and ever since then has been driving him back. Bites have been received as well as inflicted in this process, but the hard, excellent fact remains that steadily, consistently, the German beast has been driven back, and that by no stretch of an informed imagination can he any longer be regarded as top dog in the contest now proceeding.

The Somme is the one and only great theatre of the war on land where we have scored heavily off the enemy, where we have drawn or broken some of his savage, poisoned teeth, and where there is an exceedingly good prospect that we shall, in the end, despatch him on the return journey towards and across the Rhine.

Thus, with France, we have had the better of it on the Somme since 1 July 1916; and the campaign will presently, it is quite likely, be even more interesting than it has been—though Fricourt, Mametz, Contalmaison, Delville Wood, Ginchy, Guillemont, Combles, and Sailly-Saillisel, among other places, were deeply interesting. At all those places, and a number of others, the British and French Armies won: that is to say, the Germans were driven out; they counter-attacked; and they failed.

With this steady and unbroken success of Allied arms in the West, from Fricourt to Sailly-Saillisel—for the small French set-back lately will speedily be retrieved, as all the small set-backs have been since

1 July—have synchronised the mastery in the air by the British over the Germans, and the superiority, for the first time in the war, of the British batteries. Bearing these facts in mind, it only needs common sense and a fair judgment to perceive that the great offensive of the Somme has proved the best thing hitherto in the land war, so far as British arms are concerned. If we sat down and folded our hands and groaned, as the flabby pacifists or pretenders would apparently have us do, we should not only be miserable cravens, but we should be miserable fools into the bargain.

Great work has been achieved by the Somme offensive, including the definite relief of Verdun and the close of that very grave, and at one time very night-danger. The retreat of the enemy from enemy is great! Somme successes are due to troops rapidly growing in the art of war, and with nothing to learn in the way of courage. They are also due to fine generalship and energetic staff work. The British Army in France has a very complete confidence in the gallant gentleman, a man at arms every inch of him, who leads them. He is master in the art of war. The Commander-in-Chief directs all eyes at the British front to-day in France; and the Army would deeply resent any criticism that seemed indirectly shot at him.

FALSE NAMES AND ALIEN TRADERS.

IT is a very simple principle of fair business that alien traders should tell the truth about their names, their nationality, and the changing history of their firms. Every buyer has a right to know whether they are, in fact, what they pretend to be in their declarations and advertisements. Sixteen years ago this principle was approved by a Select Committee; but the people were told that it was not yet a principle which could be enforced by law, because it was surrounded in commercial affairs with insuperable difficulties. In recent years several Bills have asked Parliament to deal with this matter tentatively; but opposition put them aside as impracticable. National self-defence in trade had no chance of receiving proper attention when the German menace travelled at its chosen pace through dumping and financial penetration towards armed warfare. But another fact is more important than this one, though many persons lose touch with it to-day in their criticisms of the Government. Penitence over past follies has no immediate effect on the evils produced by the follies; hence Ministers cannot extirpate in a few months the German influences of many sorts that gained a firm and penetrating grip on the vitals of our economic life and enterprise. How to unloose this grip without doing harm to British people, who for several decades were pro-German in their mercantile outlook, is the problem to be solved, and it needs tact and patience and skill. Violent attacks on the Government cannot help us to discover the best solution, nor do they come well from those who looked on with apathy or with approval while Germany tightened her hold on British trade, commerce, and finance.

In Tuesday's debate upon the Registration of Business Names Bill there was more rash criticism than cool and useful thought—except in the earnest and reasoned speech of Sir Edward Carson, who has clearly studied this matter—showing that the House was in a mood of that hurried zeal which converts are always apt to mistake for purposeful effort. Too much was said which had no bearing on the Bill, and more than one speaker implied that Ministers had shown a want of patriotism by being slow and faint-hearted in their treatment of German influences. Mr. Pretymann made an effective reply to this charge, drawing attention to the fact that enemy influences are not detached and isolated things, but evils which have penetrated so deeply into British trade that it is most

difficult to remove them without doing more harm to their victim. Speaking figuratively, they have entrenched them in the business affairs of our country, and we shall have to treat them as we do the enemy in France and Flanders, where every gain comes from an admirable plan carried out with brave thoroughness. Some injury will be done to many British traders, however skilfully the German influences are removed, just as injury is done to French villages and woodlands during the recovery of French lands. It follows, then, that complaints from traders must not be allowed to interfere with the proper use of effective legislation. Those who welcomed in their trades the action of German methods, and imposed failure on the last big efforts of Joseph Chamberlain, must bear with composure the penalties which their rescue may exact from them. They cannot suffer as do soldiers at the front.

Neither Mr. Pretymann nor anyone else in the debate liked the new Bill in its present form; it is too narrow in aim and too weak in every clause, but it will gain strength in the Committee stage from revisions. It cannot be regarded as a war measure, for it makes no direct attack on German frauds and intrigues; its object is to get a detailed and a true register of enemy houses and persons who trade in this country. There must be no evasion of any sort. Every alien trader—Germans and Austrians make use of other foreigners as deputies—should be compelled by Clause 3 not only to give his nationality and his true surname, but also to say whether he has ever traded under an assumed name or as a naturalised subject of some other country. It is also necessary for the public to know whether he acts here as a salesman of imported goods, because the distribution of German products after the war will pass through several countries on their way to British markets. At this point a serious difficulty comes up for consideration. Alien persons and firms are not the only agents of the politico-commercial penetration which circulates from Germany. There are still some British subjects whose hospitable feelings towards German methods have not changed appreciably, and whose enterprise after the war may become as pro-German as that of any alien merchant or agent. If every town had a thorough "Who's Who" of all its traders, and if a copy of this book of reference were kept by every free library and by every post office, the lessons of the war would be aided everywhere by a local discipline of publicity. But such a thorough scheme of registration, were it approved by the country, would take too much time to carry out. The useful and necessary thing is to get at once, for the people's guidance, a register of alien competitors in British industries, and certainly it cannot be a complete register unless British agents of enemy traders are compelled to set down their names and the names of their principals.

Some German firms in our country since August 1914 have transferred their businesses by agreement to British clerks, and it has long been a common practice for Germans and their deputies to usurp other British titles in order to put a fraudulent pretence before a careless and credulous public. Sir Edward Carson has dwelt on this grave scandal. Many a company to promote German trade has been allowed by other business firms to cheat the people by calling itself British. It has been suggested that the Government should bring in a simple Bill enacting that every person who trades in this country should put his real name on his office door and on his letters and business papers. Publicity is all-important if hostile strategies in trade are to be countered and overcome. It should be made a simple matter for any person to learn the nationality of the firms with which he is invited to deal. Registers at Somerset House or elsewhere are interned from the public, and information gathered from them by journalists, and published from time to time, is soon forgotten, like other news. Sir Edward Carson hopes that the new registrations of business firms and names will not lie in the offices at Somerset House, but will be published broadcast; and we suggest that they should be issued annually in a book for the people to

consult at all libraries and in all post offices and municipal buildings.

It seems certain that the Bill in the Committee stage will be fitted by amendments to achieve its purpose, but it will be no more than a collector and a publisher of useful facts. Other and sterner legislation is needed, particularly in careful revisions of our naturalisation laws, which have afflicted the country with bi-fold patriots of the most troublesome elusiveness. The full benefits of British citizenship have been granted so easily to strategists from abroad that they have been cheapened and defamed in the silliest manner possible. It has been assumed that any foreigner ought to be glad and proud to get rid of all affection for his native land and to become entirely British; so our country has not reserved to herself the right to reconsider in a time of war the certificates of naturalisation which she granted without much inquiry in days of peace. Further, a man born in the British Isles of German parents is a British subject, and must be treated as such, even although he emigrated at an early age and has lived ever since in Germany. Or take the case of a German who becomes an American citizen in order to gain credentials which will help him to start business in a British town as a German agent and spy. These matters—and there are several others—need immediate attention, like the recommendations of the Paris Conference, which seem to be passing from the mind of Parliament and from the vigilance of the people.

AUSTRALIA; AND ENGLAND.

A PART altogether from the result of the first referendum in Australia on obligatory military service *outside* Australia—obligatory military service *inside* Australia was, of course, accepted years ago—one cannot help wishing that this question had not arisen at all. It is true there are good Australian patriots who do not take this view. One who campaigned hard for obligatory military service inside Australia (i.e., home defence) before it came told us lately that he by no means deplored the present hot discussion: "better have it out now and have done with it" expressed his opinion of the affair. There may be a good deal in that, yet the existing system, which Lord Kitchener, at the request of Australia, arranged—namely, obligatory within and voluntary without—has, *on the whole*, run so smoothly, and answered so well, that one is sorry it has been found in practice not to go far enough. The reason why it has not been sufficient is, of course, simply this—Germany is too strong, and the war is on too vast a scale. The Australian system of obligatory military service or national service is not to be described as having broken down; but, owing to the greatness of the crisis, and the strength of the enemy, it has to be added to and made more drastic if Australia is to see the war through—that is the fair and accurate way of putting it. In a lesser war, in any war on a scale to which the world has hitherto been accustomed, the Australian system, as Lord Kitchener left it, would have proved sufficient. It was a fine piece of statesmanship, reflecting credit on all concerned in it. Australia is not to blame and Lord Kitchener is not to blame because they did not lay their plans against an Armageddon in which fourteen nations fighting on three Continents were to engage.

It would be an unwise and an impertinent thing for people in this country to throw themselves hotly, either one way or the other, into this campaign for universal military service—foreign as well as home service—in Australia. Our kinsmen there must settle it among themselves by their own methods. We need say no more than this—we do not believe for a moment that Australia means, or will mean, to die out of the war, for her soldiers in Gallipoli and in France have done so grandly that it is incredible their friends at home will leave them in the lurch. Our idea is that Australia will ultimately, at any rate, say to her troops now fighting what Lord Derby said in his message to

France the other day: "We are with you to the last minute, and, if necessary, to the last man". Australia means to win the war. "Forward and Courage!" is her true spirit.

But how greatly things have changed in England since, two years ago, the SATURDAY REVIEW mentioned, rather more than once, that obligatory military service ought at once to be adopted! In those far-off, romantic days you could count the Statesmen and the publicists who insisted "Aye" to that on the fingers pretty well of one hand, and the hand need not have had its full complement by any means of fingers. Now, virtually, you could count on a similar hand the Statesmen and publicists who say "No" (at least, who shout it outright) of the need and propriety of obligatory military service. Indeed, unless we turn to the "Labour Leader" and Sir John Simon, we hardly know where to find our "No" publicists and Statesmen, so far as Old England is concerned. They have bolted—or else they have been converted.

No one in England to-day, who wishes to be taken seriously, any longer disputes the need and propriety of the thing: one might as well dispute the need and propriety of digging trenches and of loading guns. What we are all patriotically concerned in doing now is striving to extract the country from the chaos in regard to ages, occupations, and exemptions, into which we were plunged through being, well, rather slow in taking up the thing and in not preparing for it. Some people, inclined to gloominess, suggest it is "too late". It is nothing of the kind. Forward and Courage! is the order of the day. We are more than half-way through the night of this immense problem, and the dawn will soon be glimmering.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 118) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

WEST AND EAST.

IT is indeed a grave misfortune that torrents of rain have checked the movements of the Allied Armies since the week of 21 October. Once put upon the retrograde in the open country, an army which has been living a rabbit-burrow existence for months, with a luxurious form of bivouacking, should, if possible, be driven to every conceivable form of discomfort, and no effort should be spared to wear him down completely. Our Ally on the Meuse, however, impatient of the adverse elements, would brook no prolonged delay, and launched his splendid attack on the hostile trench lines that more immediately encircle Verdun, and, in the midst of a storm, more or less surprised his adversary and reconquered much lost territory, securing some 4,000 prisoners. But for the elements, a simultaneous effort of the Allies might have been made at two such distant sectors as the Meuse and the Somme, and a further proof afforded to the enemy that he will be wise not to strain the elasticity of his defence line to the danger point. Verdun still presents to our Ally a military task requiring much consideration. There is a sentimental view which permeates the minds of all Frenchmen. It makes them long to regain, at small cost if possible, the entire terrain which they disputed inch by inch with the German for so many months, at a loss to the latter of some half-million of men, but which was fought and lost at a sacrifice that altered the whole face of the war. Verdun will always go down in history as the turning-point in the Great War, for from the day of the German failure at its gates we can date not only the signs of weakening in German moral, but also the surrender of the initiative to the Allies. The campaign on the Meuse which we may look forward to will,

perhaps, not be quite on the same methods as that of the Somme, but it will give a line as to the capabilities of the German when he finds himself driven to the strategic defensive.

On the Somme we may look forward to a new form of combined tactics. For the winner of the fight we may look to the general who has the gift of quick decision as to how to place and use his guns, and with the help of his airmen secure the most rapid and accurate effect in the fire fight. Now that the Allies on the Somme have reached fairly open country, we may find the adversaries occasionally committed to the encounter battle. An idea of a tactical nature comes simultaneously into the minds of two opponents facing one another. They make their preparations and start for the objective at the same moment, and a collision ensues. It is almost impossible to conceive such a situation in modern war, with all the hell fire around and the innumerable barrages that have been arranged for on both sides, yet when night operations have been decided upon—as being more promising of success in an open country—such surprises in war will occur.

We are indebted to a correspondent from the French lines as to the new German formations that have been adopted in order to expand their army and give it a bogus form of increased strength. It will not add one human being to the number of our opponents, but if the material is ready it will increase proportionately the fire power of their divisions and army corps. Germany knows well what she owes to the mechanical fire fight. Her proportion of guns to each thousand of men on the first day of battle in August 1914 was one of war's surprises which electrified the Allies. One is not quite convinced whether, after two years of a ghastly struggle and of superhuman effort to equalise matters in gun construction, the balance in gun material does not still favour the enemy. With the new reorganisation of the German Army, one is inclined to the opinion that, as Germany is driven to put her last man into the field, so will he be accompanied by the last serviceable gun. That important question, "the life of a gun", was dealt with lightly in these pages a few weeks ago. It is a misfortune that delay in the combat on the Somme imposed by the elements should have stayed active operations for so many days, and permitted of gun material being replaced, and the old war-worn stuff withdrawn for the purpose of renewal. The same correspondent draws an interesting picture of the tactical dispositions that German leaders had approved of in consequence of the new change of organisation. The trend of these tactical dispositions apparently leaves out of consideration the deep trench fight to which we are so accustomed. It contemplates a fairly open combat with lightly built trenches, adhering to the old peace training of past years, with firing line, supports and reserves, but each at distances from front to rear that prognosticate a system of barrage fire that promises more success to a withdrawal than to an advance. We can be confident that our commanders will master the new hostile tactics. These leaders have an objective which is on a universal compass bearing. Their flanks they will find secure. It is everything in a battle to have your mind made up for you by superior authority, or even by the enemy, as to the line of direction of your battle effort. We can await the re-opening of the struggle on a terrain fairly clear of the hampering obstacles of underground fortresses.

There is an opening for a genius to arise in this war, a man of imagination with a creative mind. There are few men in existence who have original thought. Most

people in these days only make use of what they have inherited or acquired. Situations in war are of such a nature that they appear similar, but they are never quite alike. The number of causes and forces is too great to admit of perfect congruity. A general cannot accordingly employ the exact measures that have been previously adopted. At any rate, there will be something entirely new in the manner of their adaptation.

A spice of invention is always necessary, and here comes in that ever regenerating power the creative mind, as well as the inclination to employ it. This stimulates us and enables us to deviate from the beaten track more freely. The whole system of German training tends to crush individualism, and consequently puts a damper upon genius. The leaders with minds and ideas above those of their comrades have no scope for the exercise of their natural ability. "Verboten"—they have to please the Kaiser and not themselves. The possessor of Divine Right is not going to surrender his halo. And yet the real power of Germany was never better illustrated than in the unity of command which she possesses. She was quick to realise the impotence for war displayed by her chief Ally, and, from the moment Austria-Hungary posed as a drowning Power, Germany has held her firmly and kept her afloat. What innumerable directing war heads have been facing her during the past two years! Great Britain herself offers three, for, independent of the armies at the call of the War Office, both the India Office and the Colonial Office have forces working under the orders of their respective Secretaries. We have had cause bitterly to repent of this loose control in war. A wastage of man-power is the penalty for the absence of unity in command and direction. The Allies require every man they can muster to achieve the end for which this war was undertaken. We shall win by sheer dint of fighting man against man, and the struggle will be decided where the preponderance of combatants is to be found. The threat of starvation will not frighten the German people into submission as long as the faith in the undefeated German soldier exists. We have robbed him of his cherished spirit of the offensive and driven him to the lower step of the defensive. There his spirit shows signs of failing him, but the task he has bequeathed to us, owing to his early victories, still lies plainly on the map; and we should be light-hearted fools to imagine that those early conquests are to fall like the walls of Jericho. *If ever there was reason for a call for men to reap the harvest of war in 1917, it is at the present moment.*

The outlook in Roumania cannot be said to be thoroughly reassuring. The persistence with which von Mackensen is pushing his forward movement in the Dobrudja on the right bank of the Danube, and the steady, determined attempts which the forces of von Falkenhayn are making to pierce the north-western passes that lead into Transylvania, suggest that the design of von Hindenburg's strategy is to cut off Roumania entirely from Russia along her northern frontier. Galatz and Braila in von Mackensen's hands, and the Buzau and Orteus passes in those of von Falkenhayn, are two points which favour such a strategy. Von Hindenburg, however, is not quite the man to commit a subordinate to a task which entails too great a risk. The venture seems a tempting one, for if successful it would resolve the fight within the confines of Roumania into a duel between Bulgar and Turk on the one side and Roumania on the other, while the defence line to be maintained against Russia by the

Central Powers would be shortened by many hundreds of miles. Fortunately, another foe has to be reckoned with. Russia, together with a small Roumanian force, stands well-nigh athwart the Carpathian range at Dorna Watra, in Bukovina. In the valley below courses the river Meros, with the Hungarian strategic railway running alongside. Falkenhayn is held up in the passes of the Transylvanian range until all danger to his communications is removed. Has he troops enough to hold the Roumanians in the east and to fight for the safety of his communications, which are threatened from the north? He is not treading on velvet pile, and his steps will be slow. They will be clogged by the time march of the Allies in the West.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE MACHINE.*

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

"Yesterday we consolidated our newly won positions."—*British Official.*

THEY were holding what is known as an "all is lost" meeting, which means that they all began by explaining cheerfully how the war could be won in a week, and then relapsed into gloom because their method was not adopted. "What we want to do", said the big man, "is to break through. Smash 'em with our guns on a ten-mile front, drive with the infantry, get the cavalry through, and cut up all their communications, and then pile on division after division through the gap till we have their army cut in half. Then we should be on the Rhine in no time. All we do now is to hang about and advance about a mile a week. They call it consolidating the position, I believe. Now, if only we had some younger generals, somebody with a bit of go in them—" And with that he subsided wrathfully, so the others never learnt what the younger generals would do. Possibly it was not worth hearing, and, in any case, they all had their own nostrums, and were little interested in those of other people.

The big man would have found many supporters, even out here, where we get our views less from the newspapers and more from the actual facts. It all looks so easy. Just a few lines of trenches and some wire. "That wood there can be outflanked and surrounded, and that copse can be blotted out by artillery, and there surely can't be anyone left in that village after the hammering we've given it." And yet, ask Contalmaison, and go and look at Delville Wood, and you will see what "breaking through" means. Ask the cavalry, too, how many lines of barbed wire it takes to hold them up entirely. Ask any platoon how many machine guns it takes to wipe them out. The answer in each case is "One". Civilian soldiers, as most of us are, the "break-through" theory was very popular before 1 July. We could see the enemy's second and third lines through glasses, and really there did not seem to be much there to stop us. But there was, and, fortunately for us, our "elderly" generals, Sir Douglas Haig and Père Joffre, knew it, and behaved accordingly. They happened to be soldiers, with the finest practical experience yet known, and they knew—several things.

The critic, whether in his editorial chair or in his dug-out, is apt to think of a division as if it were a "super-Tank", very complex, it is true, but still a unit, moving forward in one piece, easily animated by one impulse and directed by one will. It seems that the only order necessary is: "The division will move to so-and-so", and the thing is done. It is not so. Dug-out critics realise this fact shortly after they have moved their platoon independently from one place to another. Arm-chair critics never realise it, and suffer accordingly. Our system of giving orders is, on the

* The previous articles in this series appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 22 July and 9 September.

whole, remarkably efficient; but the inexorable fact remains that there are somewhere near 20,000 men in a division, innumerable mules and horses, quite a few guns, and all divided and subdivided into units, each of which must have separate orders and move in a definite relation with the other units if it is to be of any use at all. Now the pace of the infantry soldier carries him at three miles an hour, and he has got to be in the forefront of the battle. He is to advance over roads that are like the Irishman's definition of a net, "a lot of holes tied together", and over country that by the time he gets to it bears no resemblance to what the map says about it, and through trenches that probably have not been put on the map at all. And all the time he is meeting machine guns and bombing the more stalwart enemy survivors. The German artillery plays upon him as he advances, and if he goes forward too fast he runs into our own barrage. All of which is quite inevitable and quite normal in present-day warfare; and yet people have the nerve to talk of "sledge hammer blows" and "lightning advances". It is to be regretted that a new set of metaphors cannot be found to describe present-day military operations. The worm, the mole, and the pincers are far more suitable, metaphorically, than the electric spark or the galloping horse. In fact, the only sound metaphor now in use is that of the steam roller, and even that implies a unity and simplicity of movement which are seldom attained.

Battalions that came out here to stationary trench warfare used to put so many companies in the front line and so many in reserve. These last, at first, used to congratulate themselves, for there was no fighting in prospect and the reserve trenches were very safe. After the first day in reserve they used to pray to be in the front line. The fact is that in all trench warfare, except when an attack is being made, the front line is the safest place and involves the least amount of work. For, since its occupants may be called on to defend their position at any moment, they cannot leave the front trench. On the other hand, they must be fed, they must be supplied with water, bombs, ammunition, sand-bags, and a thousand other necessities of life. And all this in the most ordinary trenches, which have been dug for months past, where the enemy is on the defensive and shells but seldom for fear of retaliation, so that the only work necessary is to keep the trenches clean and dry and to repair the ravages of the weather, which can be considerable. But add to these conditions the stress of offensive warfare, and the problem of supplies, and the "fatigues" which are their corollary, become a thousand-fold more complicated and more urgent. The front line is now a battle ground, the scene of hand-to-hand conflict, under continuous shell fire: true, it is only a jumping off point for the next attack, but always it has to be deepened and linked up, shell hole to shell hole, sap to sap. Bombs must always be there in profusion, while hungry men make poor fighters and thirsty men worse. The needs of the front line are greater than before and paramount.

The reserves, who are doing the "fatigues", have extra troubles of their own. Not only have they more to carry, but the proportion of "frightfulness" per 100 yards of trench is always rising. The Boche gunner, given time, is an accurate and a painstaking marksman, and when he does discover one of our communication trenches he makes it unhealthy. And the fatigue man is helpless, by reason of his numbers, and by reason of his load. Honour and a wholesome fear of the officer in charge forbid him to drop the end of the dixie which he is carrying, and a dixie is not a good companion for dodging shells with. Thus a single man, or fifty men if they can move independently, will pass down a "barraged" trench unhurt, but concentrate those fifty men in a caterpillar which moves at about two miles an hour and you are lucky if you see the front line without casualties.

And even so a party's luck is sometimes marvellous. Once there was a wood, shared by English and German, an object of continual strafing. By reason

of its importance, special work was necessary for the front line and special machines for the work. A reserve trench on the edge of the wood, wide enough for one man to pass uncomfortably, and a communication trench very exposed and very liable to bursts of shrapnel, completed the stage setting. The dramatic personæ were two officers, a hundred men, and the parts of a machine which those who have dealt with it will never forget. It was one of those machines invented by people at home, which, once made, are carried leisurely by a lorry on to open ground and there tested. They are then pronounced the wonder of the age and sent out to the front, where they have to be carried everywhere by hand, and worked in a ditch under shell-fire. The inventor then wonders why such small results are obtained. And this particular machine, as a matter of fact, was one of the best and most practical yet seen out there, and really did some useful work. Still, as was said before, its memory will never die. It was a dark, still night when the party arrived at the dump where the performance was to begin. The parts of the machine lay there, looking as if some revolting monster had been dissected and set out for inspection. There was the usual quiet rush to secure what looked like a fairly light burden, and finally all the parts were allotted. A start was made. After fifty yards loud groans revealed the fact that the more unbreakable limbs of the monster required an absurd number of men to carry them, and could not hope to move faster than about one mile an hour. So, as quick movement was desirable, the party was split up, the lighter stuff, under one officer, to the front, the heavier, under another, behind, each party to move at its own rate of speed. All went well with the front party till they were within 200 yards of the dump in the reserve trench, which was their objective. Not a shell came near them, and the German lights went up and down with a reassuring regularity. But at this point trouble began. First, they impinged on the tail end of another fatigue party carrying dixies of tea to the front line. Now dixies are hard to move anywhere; but to get them through a reserve trench, which, as I said, was narrow even for one man, is a very slow task. Consequently the dixie party were advancing about five paces every minute, and this at a place where the trench was about 2 ft. 6 in. deep.

Trouble was bound to come, and it came. The Herr Oberleutnant of artillery, or whoever it was that was in charge of the hate department that night, decided that he must justify his existence, and proceeded to put over shrapnel shells in salvos of four. The men already in the deep reserve trench, pleased to be safe, crouched low for cover, forgetting the tail of their own party, and knowing nothing of the machine party cowering in the open trench, hoping that the next shell might not get them. These last did their best to explain matters, and some highly sulphuretted Scotch messages began to ripple up the line. (The Scotch accent lends a special pungency to certain oaths.) But it was no good. Human nature was too strong, and for five solid minutes that dixie party stood fast. At last they moved, and the machine party followed. The shells were still whizzing over and round about, but anything was better than inaction, and in a few feverish minutes, in the course of which a series of splashes indicated where some, at least, of the tea had escaped, the whole of the stuff was "dumped", the party was on its way home by a safer route, and the officer was sitting in the reserve trench, wondering what had happened to the more heavily-laden and more exposed party in the rear. Half an hour later the party arrived, without a shell having dropped near them, and throughout the evening not one man was touched.

This incident is in no way unique. Every party which goes to the trenches may have to go through the same experience, and generally does. But the whole point lies in the commonness of the thing. It is an inevitable fact that the whole front line can only be supplied with the necessities of battle and of life at a cost of infinite labour and, at times, of many casualties.

Without these they are lost, and even with them their further advance is not certain. If any man wants to know why our advance is slow, let him get a box of ammunition or two boxes of bombs and carry them a mile along an open road. He may then get some idea of what it feels like to carry them through a very muddy trench under shell-fire. Let him then remember the battle of Loos, where those brigades that did "break through" had to come back, with severe losses, and let him inquire for one or two battalions on the Somme who performed wonders. They, too, had "broken through". And, finally, let him comfort himself with the thought that the Army really does want to win the war, and is more likely to do so than anyone else.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

FOLLOWING the line of least resistance, the art critic probably gravitates, in an exhibition as various and technical as the show of arts and crafts at Burlington House, to the mural decorations, concerning which he can "loose off" his existing supply of ammunition. To some extent he finds himself at sea, or at least unprepared, if he is expected to deal at once and intelligently with the less familiar mysteries of pots and table linen and altars and beds. In confessing to his liability to find himself at a disadvantage in such an emergency he should be conscious that his admission is a rather damning comment on all sorts of things, most notably the general implication that a hard, fast line divides art (i.e., pictures and sculpture) from the everyday accessories of life.

Before going any further towards those mural decorations, however, and merely as a preamble to a worthier discussion, I will say that as regards pottery, at least, this exhibition is important and encouraging. The merits of individual exhibitors I make no attempt to distinguish, because catalogues were not available. But this much was very clear: an extraordinary advance has been made in the design and colour of ordinary—shall I say shop?—china ware, quite apart from the productions of craftsmen who are not in "the trade". One room is devoted to tradesmen's stock and things like 3-lb. jam pots and cream jars—articles one can casually get in the Tottenham Court Road as part of the day's work. Some of these tea and dinner sets are beautiful, and the large earthen jars, with their judiciously blue-bordered labels, are not only fit to paint, but soundly practical. One likes to hope that soon it will be as easy as it is now difficult to buy a modest dinner-set delightful to the eye. For that is a point generally overlooked by your purist arts-and-craftsman, the conditions of whose production necessitate high prices. But it is quite safe to prophesy that no endeavour for the fundamental improvement of British crafts will have any real effect until good things are as inexpensive as bad. Every advantage that machinery can give will have to be seized; every abstract ideal opposed to modern conditions and facts sacrificed. Only thus will our industries survive post-war competition. On such grounds as these one welcomes signs that, as an ordinary commercial "line", china, for example, is now obtainable satisfactory in comparison not only with the usual kind of shop china, but also with the best work of our craftsmen artists outside the trade. Even more heartening, in my opinion, heretical though it may be, is that this china of to-day, from our point of view and for our needs, is superior to the products of even the most classic and hallowed factories of old china. For all I know, the exhibits of metal work, textiles, printing, and the rest are equally encouraging.

At least four galleries are put at the service of the mural decorators. Quite unavoidably, if not, indeed, intentionally, their decorations are more taken up with an internecine struggle than with a co-ordinated scheme for the glory of the building from whose walls they hurl challenges and flaunt factionary banners.

The most amusing thing about it all is that the old academic tradition comes very well out of this ferocious combat, waged in the sacred halls of Burlington House. If we had expected the younger schools to roll up the academicians, we shall be disappointed. Speaking broadly, the former score in their use of clear, sharp colour; the latter in having inherited some accent of the classical style and dignity of wall decoration. From this contest it would seem that a touch of the old formal rhetoric really does work better than the elaborate avoidance of it practised by the younger men. But we must be on our guard against unjustified deductions: because in this instance the newer schools have not altogether brought it off, we should be hopelessly wrong in concluding that they will not in the end. I would not say that Mr. John will ever redeem his fading promise: triviality and half measures may have become a settled habit with him. One would not be unreasonable in arguing that had he been capable of a sustained and serious effort on a large scale, he would have made it now. For everyone responsible realises the great artistic importance of this exhibition at Burlington House.

His failure springs from mental rather than technical causes. He has failed to understand the root principle of decorations. I am not quite sure whether his design occurs in the municipal or ecclesiastical section of the exhibition. In any case, for town hall or church his decoration does no work. The root functions of decoration are embellishment, added beauty, and appropriateness. People have their town halls ornamented not as practical jokes, but to add something to the dignity of citizenship, and to exalt an idea. It is quite true that City Fathers may have dreadful ideas as to what embellishes; but there can be no dispute about their conception of the function of ornament. It may be laudable, in certain seasons, to put out the tongue at the bourgeoisie; but it is childish to see in this exhibition a proper moment for such exercise. Besides, Mr. John's performance is not even amusing or well done. Mr. Sims, for his part, has made a big effort in the commendable manner of safe models. Correggio, Tiepolo, and Veronese had an enormous pull over anyone who looks to them for guidance to-day. Working on a large scale was a habit and inheritance for them, whereas now it has become, if not a mystery, at least a formidable experiment. That aspect of inevitableness and happy spontaneity which Mr. Sims' design obviously lacks is not acquired in one night: nor indeed in one generation. Mr. Greiffenhagen's decoration hangs together better: it is surprisingly better than anything he has done. In his use of colour he could afford to be much more positive, boldly going for sharp contrasts where now he favours rather stodgy neutrals. Over the doorway to the right of his wall is a painting from which he could learn much in this respect. That is a useful lesson given by this varied collection of designs: the most successful colour schemes are not necessarily the brightest, but those which contain solid tone contrasts. Schemes composed of vivid colours—violets, yellows, greens, magentas, and the like, unfortified by such a contrast as black makes with white—are ineffectual: the bright, thin hues are mutually destructive. One of the more successful colour schemes is Mr. Moira's, because it has edge and crisp relief.

The conclusion of the matter should, I think, be this. Given opportunity for gaining experience, without which nothing can be hoped, whether in art or strategies, our painters' energy and inventiveness soundly proved in this exhibition, would go a long way towards re-establishing mural painting. Many messes will have to be made before a living tradition of large decoration is formed: by those messes and by the brave experiments of this generation the next may so profit as to triumph. In other words, if there arise a general need for great mural paintings, painters fitted for the work will also and surely arise to satisfy that need. But an artificial encouragement of wall painting will have no effect.

THE DISPLACER OF WOMEN.*

FEW people who travel regularly in penny omnibuses or twopenny tubes in London—especially omnibuses—can fail to notice that the men of virile age met therein divide up into two distinct classes; or, it may be said, they divide into two distinct varieties of the species homo.

The first class consists of the men who, when a woman enters their carriage or omnibus, and there is no vacant place, get up. They do not all get up at once: that would be overdoing it; but the man nearest the standing woman decently gets up, and she, if she is sensible and modest, makes no fuss, but thanks him quietly and takes his seat.

Possibly one might draw some fine distinctions in this class one. Some men rise at once and offer their seats. They might be likened to the 1914 volunteers for the British Army. Others hesitate a moment or two, often from modesty, often from the very natural feeling that the young man opposite is obviously the right one to get up first; and no doubt there are other motives in various cases. These momentary hesitators might be likened to the early 1915 volunteers. Those who hesitate longer, but ultimately rise and courteously offer their seats, might be likened to the later volunteers. But, roughly, one may say that all the members of this class one are ordinary well-behaved citizens, who understand the meaning of the rule, "Women first". They give up their seats to the women, and they do not, in entering a full omnibus or train, elbow or pull the hair of the women on their right or left or in front of them.

Class two consists of men who do not get up when the woman enters, and who will see her somewhere before they think of doing such a thing. They sit tight. Let the fool opposite get up if he likes, is their line. They are not going to budge an inch for "a bit of petticoat" like that! Let the women look after themselves both in the jostle outside and in the jostle inside the "bus. "Women claim the vote, don't they? Very well, then, if they are as good as men, let them stand up in the 'buses and trains, as men have to stand up when they get in and find a lot of women occupying every seat". Such is the attitude of class two.

Class two, in fact, seems largely to consist of men who are "fed up" with women and the talk about chivalry and courtesy to the weaker sex, and so on.

Class two is not at present divisible into any very striking sub-varieties. But might one not, looking a little way into the future, divide up class two, and evolve out of it almost a new variety of the species homo? What will happen when the omnibuses have grown fewer and fewer, and when more and more the serviceable men have been "combed out" and sent to the war, and the class two variety gets things more and more his own way in the omnibus among a lot of "bits of petticoat", as he regards the womenkind? At present he is, when seated, simply a defiant non-budger. "Women last" is his rule of life when he has ploughed his way into a seat. But will he end there? It is questionable. On the principle of the survival of the fittest, will not the strongest members of class two by and by actually edge and shove the women out of their seats in the omnibus when they get in and find no place for themselves? It may become safer and safer, surely, for the strong, well-fed non-budger to edge and shove the women out of their seats when more and more men of class one have been sent off to the war. Who is to interfere with him in his survival of the strongest competition for penny omnibus and twopenny tube seats, when the conductors and drivers and porters and guards are nearly all women themselves?

It may not even end at his displacing the woman who has the seat which she ought to give up to him without being asked to, or without being shoved or

pinched out of it: he may kick the female conductor or guard who tries to interfere.

The displacer of women, indeed, promises, at the rate things are going now, to be one of the most striking evolutions of the war. It is hardly necessary to add that he will, of course, treat badly wounded soldiers in just the same spirit in which he treats women.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MAGNANIMITY" AND WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In respect of your critique on Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald's book, in your last impression, I observe that the Admiral takes Mr. W. E. Gladstone to task about what he calls "his magnanimity at the cost of British prestige". I am, perhaps, the only person living who can throw light on this subject, for the following reasons. When quartered at Barbados, in 1869, Sir Benjamin Pine, Governor in Chief of the Leeward Islands, wrote asking the Officer Commanding in the Windwards if he could send him an engineer officer to report upon the possibilities of supplying Basseterre, St. Kitts, with water. I went there and formulated a plan of supply, which was adopted with complete success. Sir Benjamin invited me to stay with him at English Harbor, Antigua, and after my return to Barbados wrote, requesting me to visit him at Antigua, and report on the causes of the failure of the existing water supply at the capital of Antigua. Having set this matter right, I became friendly with the Governor, so much so that he offered me any post in his Government, and when he returned from his second Governorship of Natal, and retired on pension, I met him several times in London. After Sir Pomeroy Colley had been appointed to command in South Africa, Sir Benjamin asked me to meet some notable West Indians at dinner at the Hanover Square Club. During dinner the conversation turned on South Africa, and Sir Benjamin told us he had warned Lord Kimberley, who was then Colonial Secretary, that Sir Pomeroy would find he had undertaken a task beyond his capacity; that he considered, in that country, one Boer equal to four British soldiers. He added that Sir George Cathcart had estimated the proportion to him as one to three. The last time he had seen Lord Kimberley that gentleman had said: "Why, Pine, you have Boer on the brain!"

We had just finished dinner when a messenger from Mr. W. E. Gladstone brought a note which requested Sir Benjamin's presence at a Cabinet meeting, and he left us, saying that he would not be an hour away. After the hour had elapsed all but myself left, and I only stayed because I wanted to explain some West Indian business, and hoped to procure Sir Benjamin's assistance. He returned about midnight and told me that Colley had been defeated and killed at Majuba, and that Gladstone had said to him that, as he had commanded successfully in the field (I believe at least two military expeditions), and knew the country, he valued his opinion more than that of any military man; that Lord Kimberley had informed the Cabinet of his warning. Then he told me that Lord Kimberley, I think Mr. Childers, and some other members of the Cabinet had asked him a large number of questions, Gladstone being silent until they had done, when he put this question: "How many men, and how much money, would it take to subdue the Boers, Sir Benjamin?" To which he told me he replied: "£100,000,000 and 100,000 men". The War Secretary interposed: "We could not send forty thousand". So that when I hear of Gladstone's "magnanimity" I think of a story told of Edmund Keane, in Dublin. An actor had assumed the tragedian's name, and was performing on the stage when Edmund was tragedising in that city. The great actor was naturally indignant and said he would "thrash the fellow". He went to see him perform; but when he saw him lift a hundredweight by the hair

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